

Poetry and Prose

FOR

Recitation

For the use of Schools

FOURTH EDITION.

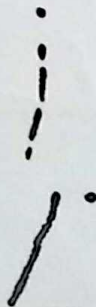
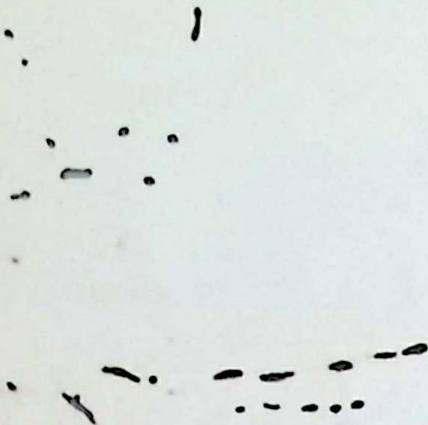
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SINGAPORE:

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1928.

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A. N. P. L. P. L.

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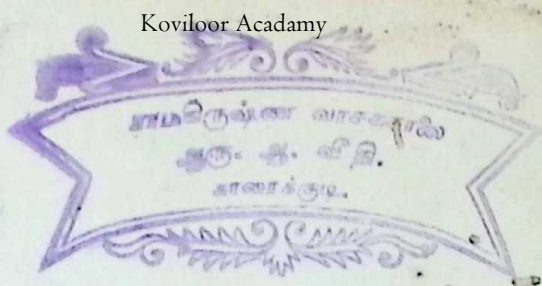
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Note

The following method should be used in teaching recitation.

LESSONS I and II.—The teacher should read the piece to the class very clearly and slowly on more than one occasion, and should explain the meaning thoroughly, also making the pupils pronounce correctly any difficult words.

LESSON III.—Questions may be asked on the meaning of the piece.

LESSONS IV and V.—The class should read the piece simultaneously, following the teacher. This must be done several times before any pupils are allowed to read alone and must be continued throughout the lessons.

LESSONS VI and VII.—The best readers in the class should then read the piece, care being taken that *every word is clearly enunciated and correctly pronounced.*

LESSONS VIII and IX.—Each one in turn may then read, attention being paid to individual faults in pronunciation, &c.

LESSON X.—By this time it will be found that many children can say the piece by heart, and volunteers should be called for to attempt to do so.

FOLLOWING LESSONS.—The class may now be set a certain number of verses to learn by heart for each lesson.

It is perhaps unnecessary to warn teachers against the practice of allowing children to learn by heart a piece that has not first been made thoroughly familiar to them. Very great care must be taken throughout to prevent them from learning the words incorrectly, as this gives both teacher and pupil much unnecessary trouble.

Preface

The following extract from the Education Code F.M.S. shows the object for which this little book has been compiled; "Inspecting officers should attach the very greatest importance to the teaching of a good pronunciation.

"In the most elementary standards the subject should be taught by a regular system of drill in the various consonant and vowel sounds.

"In the more advanced stages it should be taught through the medium of recitation, care being taken that the lesson is one in clear and correct enunciation rather than in fluency or gesture. The criticism locally brought against recitation that to hear lines of poetry pattered out with a more or less atrocious accent, however fluently, is an infliction which can very well be spared the teacher, the child and the Inspector, is really a tribute to its value, in that it makes an atrocious accent so intolerable."

Thanks are due to those authors and publishers whose kind permission has made it possible to insert several valuable pieces, and at the same time forgiveness is asked if by mischance any selections have been used which are still copyright.

A special acknowledgment is due to Mr. John Murray by whose courtesy I have been enabled to include the four charming poems from the "Odes of Confucius," published in the "Wisdom of the East" Series.

EDITH G. SHAW,

Kuala Lumpur.

A. R. P. L. S. P. L.

Infant Classes and Division I.

I

THE SPARROW

Author not known

1

A little cock-sparrow sat on a green tree,
He cherruped, he cherruped, so merry was he.

2

A naughty boy came with his wee bow and arrow,
Determined to shoot this little cock-sparrow.

3

"His head shall make me a nice little stew
And his body shall make me a little pie too."

4

"Oh no," said the sparrow, I *won't* make a stew,"
So he flapped his wings, and away he flew.

II

LITTLE BIRD

Author not known

1

Once I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop;
So I cried, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"
And was going to the window,
To say, "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail,
And far away he flew.

III

DING-DONG, I'LL SING YOU A SONG

(Song)

Author not known

1

Ding-Dong, I'll sing you a song,
About a little bird,
He sat on a tree, and sang sweetly to me
And I never spoke a word.

2

Ding-Dong, I'll sing you a song,
About a little mouse,
He looked very funny as I saw him run
All about my father's house.

3

Ding-Dong, I'll sing you a song,
 About my little kitty,
 She's speckled all over, and I love her well,
 For she is so very pretty.

IV
 MUD PIES

Author not known

1

Tell me little laddies
 Playing in the sun,
 How many minutes
 Till the pies are done.

2

Lu Lin gets the flour
 All of golden dust.
 Boon Teck makes the oven
 Wee Choon rolls the crust.

3

Pat it here, and pat it there
 What a dainty size !
 Bake it on a shelf of stone
 Nice mud pies !

4

Now we want a shower
 For we need it so,
 It would make the road side
 Such a heap of dough.

4.

Poetry and Prose for Recitation.

5

Turn them in and turn them out
How the morning flies,
Ring the bell for dinner
Hot mud pies.

V

THE VERDANT MEADOW

(Song)

Author not known

1

Whither through the verdant meadow
Brooklet do you roam?

Answer.—I am roaming through the valley
Onward to my home.

2

Stop and tell me little brooklet,
Where is then your home?

Answer.—If I stop thus I shall never
Reach the ocean foam.

VI

NURSERY RHYMES

(Song)

Author not known

1

Hush-a-Bye, baby, on the tree top;
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;

Poetry and Prose for Recitation.

5

When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall;
Down will come baby, cradle, and all.

CHORUS

Hey-la-dee, Hey-la-dee.
The pride of the household is mother's babee.

2

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the King's horses, and all the King's men
Couldn't put Humpty together again.

CHORUS

Hey-la-dee, Hey-la-dee.
The pride of the household is mother's babee.

3

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home;
And bring their tails behind them.

CHORUS

Hey-la-dee, Hey-la-dee.
The pride of the household is mother's babee.

4

Then up she took her little crook,
Determin'd for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed
For they'd left their tails behind them.

CHORUS

Hey-la-dee, Hey-la-dee.
The pride of the household is mother's babee.

5

- “Where are you going to, my pretty maid?”
 “I’m going a milking, Sir,” she said.
 “May I go with you, my pretty maid?”
 “Yes, if you please, kind Sir,” she said.

CHORUS

Hey-la-dee, Hey-la-dee.
 The pride of the household is mother’s babee.

6

- “What is your fortune, my pretty maid?”
 “My face is my fortune, Sir,” she said.
 “Then I can’t marry you, my pretty maid!”
 “Nobody asked you, Sir,” she said.

CHORUS

Hey-la-dee, Hey-la-dee.
 The pride of the household is mother’s babee.

. VII

THE RAINY DAY

(Song)

Author not known

1

Rain, rain, go away,
 Come again another day,
 Birds and children want to play.
 Rain, rain, go away!

Poetry and Prose for Recitation.

7

2

Breeze, breeze, come and blow,
 Make the clouds and rain all go.
 Then we'll out to play, you know.
 Breeze, breeze, come and blow!

3

Sun, sun, shine out bright,
 Very soon it will be night,
 And play time will be over quite.
 Sun, sun, shine out bright!

VIII**FAREWELL***(Song)**Author not known*

1

Farewell to study and to books
 How fast the time is winging,
 We soon shall to the woods away.
 And with the birds be singing.

CHORUS

Come let us haste away,
 Come let us haste away,
 Come let us haste away,
 And with the birds be singing.

2

And when the holidays are o'er,
 We'll have a joyous meeting,
 Our teachers, school mates, all shall meet
 With each a happy greeting.

Chorus

IX

LITTLE ROBIN RED-BREAST

Author not known

1

Little Robin Red-breast sat upon a tree;
 Up went Pussy-cat, and down went he;
 Down came Pussy-cat, away Robin ran:
 Says little Robin Red-breast, "Catch me if you can."

2

Little Robin Red-breast jump'd upon a wall;
 Pussy-cat jump'd after him, and almost got a fall;
 Little Robin chirp'd and sang, and what did Pussy say
 Pussy-cat said "mew," and Robin jump'd away.

X

TWO LITTLE SQUIRRELS

Author not known

1

Two little squirrels lived in a wood,
 One was naughty—the other was good.
 The naughty one's name was Dandy Jim,
 His mother was very fond of him.

2

The good one's name was Johnny Black,
 He had beautiful fur all over his back,
 And he never went near the railway track.

3

But Dandy Jim, how was it with him?
 He ran away one summer's day
 Over the hills and far away.

4

His mother searched for him far and near,
 But never a word of Jim, could she hear.
 He never came back from crossing the track.
 The railway train ran over him,
 And that was the end of Dandy Jim.

XI

GOOD NIGHT

(Round)

1

Good night to you all
 And sweet be your sleep.
 May angels around you
 Their silent watch keep.
 Good night, Good night,
 Good night.

XII

I SAW THREE SHIPS

(Song)

Author not known

1

I saw three ships come sailing by,
 Come sailing by, come sailing by;

I saw three ships come sailing by,
On New Year's Day in the morning.

2

And what do you think was in them then,
Was in them then, was in them then?
And what do you think was in them then,
On New Year's Day in the morning?

3

Three pretty girls were in them then,
Were in them then, were in them then;
Three pretty girls were in them then,
On New Year's Day in the morning.

4

And one could whistle, and one could sing,
And one could play on the violin—
Such joy there was at my wedding,
On New Year's Day in the morning.

— — —

XIII

THE TOAD

Author not known

"Croak!" said the Toad, I'm hungry, I think:
To-day I've had nothing to eat or to drink;
I'll crawl to a garden and jump through the pales.
And there I'll dine nicely on slugs and on snails."
"Ho, ho!" said the Frog, "is that what you mean?"
Then I'll hop away to the next meadow stream;
There I will drink, and eat worms and slugs too,
And then I shall have a good dinner like you."

XIV

LITTLE DROPS OF WATER

*(Song)**Author not known*

1

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make a mighty ocean,
And a lovely land.

2

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our home so happy,
Sunshine from above.

3

Little boys be gentle,
To your sisters dear,
Listen to your mother
She is always near.

XV

UP IN THE OLD FIR-TREE

*(Song)**Author not known*

1

We will sing you a song,
Which is not very long.
Up in the old fir-tree.

I will not be long,
Nor will it be strong,
For tiny birds are we.

2

We have a warm nest
When we wish to rest,
Up in the old fir-tree.
So snug do we lie
As we peep at the sky,
We are glad as we can be.

3

Some day we shall fly
Far up in the sky,
Away from the old fir-tree.
We will sing you a song,
As we sail along
On wings so wide and free.

XVI

THE LITTLE FISH

Author not known

1

"Dear mother," said a little fish,
"Pray, is not that a fly?
I'm very hungry, and I wish
You'd let me go and try."

2

"You foolish one," the mother cried,
And started from her nook,
"That horrid fly is put to hide
The sharpness of the hook."

3

Now, as I've heard, this little fish
 Was young and foolish too,
 And so he thought he'd venture out
 To see if it were true.

4

And round about the hook he played
 With many a longing look,
 And, "Dear me!" to himself he said,
 "I'm sure that's *not* a hook."

5

"I can but give one little pluck;
 Let's see, and so I will."
 So on he went, and lo! it stuck
 Right through his little gill.

6

And as he faint and fainter grew,
 With hollow voice he cried,
 "Dear mother, had I minded you,
 I should not now have died."

XVII.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE LITTLE STAR

(Song)

Author not known

1

Twinkle, twinkle little star;
 How I wonder what you are!
 Up above the world so high,
 Like a diamond in the sky.

2

When the blazing sun is gone,
 When he nothing shines upon,
 Then you show your little light,
 Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

3

Then the traveller in the dark,
 Thanks you for your tiny spark;
 He could not see which way to go
 If you did not twinkle so.

4

In the dark blue sky you keep,
 Yet often through my window peep
 For you never shut your eye
 Till the sun is in the sky.

5

As your bright but tiny spark
 Lights the traveller in the dark,
 Though I know not what you are
 Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

XVIII

WHAT A CHILD HAS

Author not known

1

I have two eyes so bright and clear
 And they see things afar and near
 The bird, the tree, the flower so small
 The blue sky watching over all.

2

Two ears have I upon my head,
 For me to hear what may be said.
 To hear my mother's word so mild,
 "Be good and gentle my dear child."

3

I have a mouth as all may see
 And well its use is known to me
 For I can talk with it all day
 And all that I may think, can say

4

I have two hands so soft and light,
 This is the left, and this is the right,
 Five little fingers stand on each,
 With which to hold, to feel, to reach;
 But, when I grow as tall as you,
 A quantity of work they'll do.

5

I have two feet at my command,
 With which to walk, or run, or stand;
 And should I tumble down—why then
 I must with speed jump up again.
 But, when I grow both large and strong,
 I shall quite boldly march along.

XIX

BIMBLE, BAMBLE, BUMBLE

Author not known

1

There was an old woman who rode on a broom
 With a high, gee-ho! gee-humble!

And she took her old cat behind for a groom,
With a bumble, bumble, bumble.

2

They travelled along till they came to the sky,
With a high, gee-ho! gee-humble!
But the journey so long made them very hungry,
With a bumble, bumble, bumble.

3

Says Tom "I can find nothing here to eat,"
With a high, gee-ho! gee-humble!
"So let us go back again I entreat,"
With a bumble, bumble, bumble.

4

The old woman would not go back so soon,
With a high, gee-ho! gee-humble!
For she wanted to visit the man in the moon;
With a bumble, bumble, bumble.

5

Says Tom "I'll go back by myself to our house,"
With a high, gee-ho! gee-humble!
"For there I can catch a good rat or a mouse,"
With a bumble, bumble, bumble.

• 6

But says the old woman "How will you go?"
With a high, gee-ho! gee-humble!
"You sha'nt have my nag, I protest and vow,"
With a bumble, bumble, bumble.

• 7

"No, no," says Tom, "I've a plan of my own,"
With a high, gee-ho! gee-humble!
So he slid down the rainbow and left her alone
With a bumble, bumble, bumble.

XX

THE COW

Author not known

1

Come, children, listen to me now,
And you shall hear about the cow;
You'll find her useful, live or dead,
Whether she's black, or white, or red.

2

When milkmaids milk her morn and night,
She gives them milk so fresh and white;
And this, we little children think,
Is very nice for us to drink.

3

The curdled milk they press and squeeze,
And so they make it into cheese;
The cream they skim and shake in churns,
And then it soon to butter turns.

4

And when she's dead, her flesh is good,
For beef is very nice for food;
But though 't will make us stout and strong,
To eat too much, we know, is wrong.

5

Her skin, with lime and bark together,
The tanner tans, and makes it leather;
And without that what should we do,
For soles for every boot and shoe?

6

And last of all, if cut with care,
 Her horns make combs, to comb our hair;
 And so we learn, thanks to our teachers,
 That cows are good and useful creatures.

XXI

BIRD TRADES

Author not known

1

The swallow is a mason,
 And underneath the eaves
 He builds a nest and plasters it
 With mud, and hay and leaves.

2

Of all the weavers that I know,
 The magpie is the best;
 High on the branches of the tree
 She hangs her cosy nest.

3

The woodpecker is hard at work—
 A carpenter is he—
 And you may hear him hammering
 His nest high up a tree.

4

Some little birds are miners;
 Some build upon the ground;
 And busy little tailors, too,
 Among the birds are found.

Divisions II and III

I

DRIVE THE NAIL ARIGHT

Author not known

1

Drive the nail aright, boys;
Hit it on the head;
Strike with all your might, boys
While the iron's red.

2

When you've work to do, boys,
Do it with a will;
They who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.

3

Standing at the foot, boys,
Gazing at the sky,
How can you get up, boys,
If you never try?

4

Though you stumble oft, boys,
Never be downcast;
Try, and try again—boys,
You'll succeed at last.

II**THE LITTLE RED HEN***Author not known*

1

Little Red Hen looked busily round
 In search of a bit to eat,
 Till, hid in the straw and chaff, she found
 A plump little grain of wheat.

2

"Now, who will plant this wheat?" she cried.
 "Not I!" the goose and the duck replied;
 "Not I!" said the dog and the cat;
 "Not I!" said the mouse and the rat.

3

"O, I will, then!" said Little Red Hen,
 And scratched with her quick little feet
 Till a hole she dug, and covered it snug,
 And so she planted the wheat.

4

Little Red Hen gave tender care,
 The rain and the shine came down,
 And the wheat grew green, and tall, and fair,
 Then turned to a golden brown.

5

"Now, who will reap this wheat?" she cried.
 "Not I!" the goose and the duck replied;
 "Not I!" said the dog and the cat;
 "Not I!" said the mouse and the rat;

6

"O, I will, then!" said Little Red Hen;
 And, braving the midsummer heat,

She cut it at will with her trim little bill,
And so she reaped the wheat.

7

Little Red Hen peeped slyly about,
From her snug little nest in the hay;
If only that wheat were all threshed out,
And fit to be stored away.

8

"Now, who will thresh this wheat?" she cried.
"Not I!" the goose and the duck replied;
"Not I!" said the dog and the cat;
"Not I!" said the mouse and the rat.

9

O, I will, then!" said Little Red Hen;
And, having no flail, she beat,
With her wings of red on the grain instead,
And so she threshed the wheat.

10

Little Red Hen had still no rest,
Although she had worked so well;
She thought of the chicks in her snug little nest,
How soon they would peep from the shell.

11

"Now, who will go to the mill?" she cried.
"Not I!" the goose and the duck replied;
"Not I!" said the dog and the cat;
"Not I!" said the mouse and the rat.

12

"O, I will, then!" said Little Red Hen,
And fashioned a sack so neat,
With corn-silk thread and a corn-husk red,
In which she carried the wheat.

13

Little Red Hen then made some bread
 That was white, and light, and sweet,
 And when it was done, she smiled, and said
 "We'll see who is willing to eat."

14

"Now, who will eat this loaf?" she cried.

"I will!" the goose and the duck replied;

"I will!" said the dog and the cat;

"I will!" said the mouse and the rat.

15

"No doubt!" said the hen, if you get it!" and then
 (How the lazy rogues longed for the treat!)
 She clucked to her chicks—she was mother of six;
 And that was the end of the wheat.

III

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

Child

1

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
 Will you listen to me?
 Who stole four eggs I laid,
 And the nicenest I made?"

2

"Not I!" said the cow, "moo-oo
 Such a thing I'd never do;
 I gave you a wisp of hay,

But I took no nest away.
Not I!" said the cow, "moo-oo,
Such a thing I'd never do."

3

"Bob-o-link! bob-o-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day?"

4

"Not I," said the sheep, "oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa, baa," said the sheep, "oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

5

"Coo, coo," said the cuckoo,
"Let me speak a word too.
Who stole that pretty nest
From the little yellow-breast?"

6

"Cluck, cluck," said the hen;
"Don't ask me again;
Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick."

7

We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck, cluck," said the hen,
"Don't ask me again,"

8

A little boy hung down his head,
 And hid himself behind the bed;
 'Twas *he* who stole the pretty nest
 From that poor little yellow breast.

IV

THE MONTHS.

Author^a not known.

Thirty days has September,
 April, June, and November,
 February has twenty-eight alone,
 All the rest have thirty-one
 Except in leap year, at which time
 February's days are twenty-nine.

V

THE JOINER.

Author not known.

Hear the Joiner at his work,
 Zish! Zish! Zish!
 Plane the table smooth and straight,
 That is what we wish.
 Plane the table smooth for me,
 Now no holes are left, you see.
 Joiner, Joiner, plane the bench,
 Work with all your might;
 Make it smooth, and make it flat,
 Plane it well—that's right.
 Plane the bench quite smooth for me,
 Not a splinter's left, you see,
 Zish! Zish! Zish!

VI

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Author not known.

1

"Will you come into my parlour?" said the spider to the fly.

"Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlour is up a winding stair;

And I've got many curious things to shew you when
you're there."

"Oh, no, no," said the little fly; "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come
down again."

2

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so
high;

Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the spider to
the fly.

"There are pretty curtains drawn around; the sheets are
fine and thin;

And if you like to rest a while, I'll snugly tuck you in!"

"Oh, no, no," said the little fly; "for I've often heard it
said.

They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your
bed.

3

Said the cunning spider to the fly "Dear friend, what
can I do

To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?
I have within my pantry good store of all that's nice;

I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to take
a slice?

"Oh, no, no," said the little fly, "Kind sir, that cannot
be;
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to
see."

4

"Sweet creature," said the spider, "you're witty and
you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are
your eyes!
I have a little looking-glass upon my parlour shelf,
If you will step in one moment, dear, you shall behold
yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you please
to say;
And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another
day."

5

The spider turned him round about, and went into his
den,
For well he knew the silly fly would soon come back
again;
So he wove a little web in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the fly;
Then came out to his door again, and merrily did sing:
"Come hither, hitler, pretty fly, with the pearl and
silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple—there's a crest upon
your head!
Your eyes are like the diamond bright but mine are dull
as lead."

6

Alas! Alas! how very soon this silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flit-
ting by.
With buzzing wings, she hung aloft, then near and nearer
drew,

Thinking of her brilliant eyes, her green and purple
hue—
Thinking of her crested head—poor foolish thing! At
last,
Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held
her fast;
He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Into his little parlour—but she ne'er came out
again!

And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you, ne'er give
heed;
Unto an evil counsellor close heart and ear and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale of the spider and the
fly.

VII

THE BULLOCK-CART DRIVER.

A man was driving his bullock-cart along a muddy road. The wheels stuck fast in a deep rut, and the bullocks were unable to move the cart any farther.

The man jumped down, and sat beside the road, making no attempt to move the cart out of the hole. He kept on crying out "Allah! Allah! what shall I do! I wish some spirit would come and help me?"

After a little time a spirit appeared, and the man at once fell down on his knees and begged for help.

The spirit however said to him, "You lazy fellow, why don't you go and put your shoulder to the wheel? I only help those who help themselves."

VIII

GRAMMAR RHYME.

Author not known.

A noun is the name of anything,
 As *School* or *Garden*, *Hoop*, or *Swing*.
 Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
 As *Great* or *Small*, or *White* or *Brown*.
 Instead of nouns the pronouns stand;
Her hair, *His* face, *Your* arm, *My* hand.
 Verbs tell of something being done—
 To *Read*, *Count*, *Laugh*, *Sing*, *Jump*, or *Run*.
 How things are done the adverbs tell—
 As *Slowly*, *Quickly*, *Ill* or *Well*.
 Conjunctions join the words together.
 As men *and* women, wind *and* weather.
 The preposition stands before
 A noun, as *In* or *Through* a door.
 The interjection shows surprise,
 As, "*Oh!* how pretty." "*Ah!* how wise."
 The whole are called eight parts of speech.
 Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

IX

CASABIANCA.

Mrs. Hemans.

1

The boy stood on the burning deck.
 Whence all but he had fled;
 The flame that lit the battie's wreck
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

2

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
 As born to rule the storm;
 A creature of heroic blood,
 A proud, though child-like form.

3

The flames roll'd on—he would not go,
 Without his father's word;
 That father, faint in death below,
 His voice no longer heard.

4

He call'd aloud:—"Say father, say
 If yet my task is done?"
 He knew not that the chieftain lay
 Unconscious of his son.

5

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
 "If I may yet be gone!"
 And,—but the booming shots replied,
 And fast the flames roll'd on.

6

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
 And in his waving hair,
 And look'd from that lone post of death,
 In still yet brave despair.

7

And shouted but once more aloud,
 "My father! must I stay?"
 While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
 The wreathing fires made way.

8

They wrapp'd the ship in splendor wild,
 They caught the flag on high,
 And stream'd above the gallant child
 Like banners in the sky.

9

Then came a burst of thunder-sound,—
 The boy,—oh! where was he?
 Ask of the winds, that far around
 With fragments strew'd the sea.

10

With mast and helm and pennon fair,
 That well had borne their part.—
 But the noblest thing which perish'd there,
 Was that young faithful heart.

X

THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

Mackay,

1

There dwelt a miller hale and bold
 Beside the River 'Dee;
 He worked and sang from morn till night,
 No lark more blithe than he;
 And this the burden of song
 For ever used to be,—
 'I envy nobody; no, not I,
 And nobody envies me!'

2

'Thou'rt wrong, my friend!' said old King Hal
 "Thou'rt wrong as wrong can be;

For could my heart be light as thine,
 I'd gladly change with thee.
 And tell me now what makes thee sing,
 With voice so loud and free,
 While I am sad, though I'm a King,
 Beside the River Dee?"

3

The miller smiled and doffed his cap;
 "I earn my bread," quoth he;
 "I love my wife, I love my friend,
 I love my children three;
 I owe not a penny I cannot pay,
 I thank the River Dee,
 That turns the mill, that grinds the corn,
 To feed my babes and me."

4

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
 "Farewell! and happy be;
 But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
 That no one envies thee.
 Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
 Thy mill my kingdom's fee!
 Such men as thou are England's boast,
 O miller of the Dee!"

XI

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT.

Author not known.

1

It was six men of Hindustan,
 To learning much inclined,

Who went to see the elephant
 (Though all of them were blind).
 That each by observation
 Might satisfy his mind.

2

The first approached the elephant,
 And happening to fall
 Against his broad and sturdy side,
 At once began to bawl,
 "Why bless me! but the elephant
 Is very like a wall!"

3

The second feeling at the tusk,
 Cried, "Ho! what have we here,
 So very round and smooth, and sharp?
 To me't is very clear,
 This wonder of an elephant
 Is very like a spear!"

4

The third approached the animal,
 And, happening to take
 The squirming trunk within his hands,
 Thus boldly up he spake:
 "I see," quoth he, "the elephant
 Is very like a snake!"

5

The fourth reached out his eager hand,
 And felt about the knee:
 "What most this wondrous beast is like
 Is very plain," quoth he;
 "'Tis clear enough the elephant
 Is very like a tree!"

6.

The fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
 Said: "E'en the blindest man
 Can tell what this resembles most,
 Deny the fact who can;
 This marvel of an elephant
 Is very like a fan!"

7.

The sixth no sooner had begun
 About the beast to grope,
 Than, seizing on the swinging tail
 That fell within his scope,
 "I see," quoth he, "the elephant
 Is very like a rope!"

8.

And so these men of Hindustan
 Disputed loud and long,
 Each in his own opinion
 Exceeding stiff and strong;
 Though each was partly in the right,
 And all were in the wrong.

XII.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

Longfellow.

1.

Beside the ungather'd rice he lay,
 His sickle in his hand;
 His breast was bare, his matted hair
 Was buried in the sand;
 Again in the mist and shadow of sleep
 He saw his native land,

2.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
 The lordly Niger flow'd ;
 Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
 Once more a King he strode,
 And heard the tinkling caravans
 Descend the mountain road.

3.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
 Among her-children stand ;
 They clasp'd his neck, they kiss'd his cheeks,
 They held him by the hand :
 A tear burst from the sleeper's lids,
 And fell into the sand.

4.

And then at furious speed he rode
 Along the Niger's bank :
 His bridle-reins were golden chains,
 And, with a martial clank,
 At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
 Smiting his stallion's flank.

5.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
 The bright flamingoes flew ;
 From morn till night he follow'd their flight,
 O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
 Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
 And the ocean rose to view.

6.

At night he heard the lion roar,
 And the hyena scream,
 And the river-horse, as he crush'd the reeds
 Beside some hidden stream;

And it pass'd like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

7

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty;
And the blast of the desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

8

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;
For death had illumined the land of sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away!

XIII

A RACE BETWEEN A HARE AND A TORTOISE.

A Hare was once laughing at a Tortoise, because he walked so slowly.

The Tortoise said that he would run a long race with him any day he pleased; a Fox promised to be umpire, and to give a prize to the winner.

The day was fixed and the Hare, treating it all as a joke, said, "Now let us see how fast you can run; I know I can easily beat you, so I shall have a sleep in the middle of the race." The fox cried "Off!"—and both the runners started,

The hare, after running half the distance, lay down in the shade, and went to sleep.

Unluckily for him, however, he overslept himself.

When he awoke he jumped up, and ran along as hard as he could, but reached the winning post, only to find that the Tortoise had already arrived.

"Ah," said the Fox as he gave the prize to the winner, "Slow and Steady wins the race,"

XIV

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Longfellow.

1

Under a spreading chestnut tree
 The village smithy stands;
 The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands;
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.

2

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
 His face is like the tan;
 His brow is wet with honest sweat,
 He earns whatever he can,
 And looks the whole world in the face,
 For he owes not any man.

3

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
 You can hear his bellows blow;

You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
 With measured beat and slow,
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
 When the evening sun is low.

4

And children coming home from school
 Look in at the open door;
 They love to see the flaming forge,
 And hear the bellows roar,
 And catch the burning sparks that fly
 Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

5

He goes on Sunday to the church,
 And sits among his boys;
 He hears the parson pray and preach,
 He hears his daughter's voice,
 Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

6

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
 Singing in Paradise!
 He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies;
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.

7

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes;
 Each morning sees some task begin,
 Each evening sees it close;
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.

8

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought,
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

Divisions IV and V

1

BOYS WANTED.

Author not known.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain, and power,
Fit to cope with anything,—
These are wanted every hour.

2

Not the weak and whining drones
Who all troubles magnify;
Not the watchword of "I can't."
But the nobler one, "I'll try."

3

Do whate'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal;
Bend your sinews to the task,
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

4

Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill;
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will.

5

In the workshop, on the farm,
Or wherever you may be,
From your future efforts, boys,
Comes a nation's destiny.

II

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

Campbell

1

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
 Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
 And I'll give thee a silver pound,
 To row us o'er the ferry."

2

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle
 This dark and stormy water?"
 "O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
 And this Lord Ullin's daughter."—

3

"And fast before her father's men
 Three days we've fled together,
 For should he find us in the glen,
 My blood would stain the heather.

4

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
 Should they our steps discover,
 Then who will cheer my bonny bride
 When they have slain her lover?"

5

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight
 "I'll go, my chief—I'm ready;
 It is not for your silver bright
 But for your winsome lady;

6

And by my word! the bonny bride,
 In danger shall not tarry;

So though the waves are raging white
I'll row you o'er the ferry."—

7

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

8

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.—

9

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."—

10

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

11

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.—

12

For sore dismay'd, though storm and shade
His child he did discover:—
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her love,

Poetry and Prose for Recitation.

13

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief
 "Across this stormy water:
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
 My daughter!—oh my daughter!"—

14

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
 Return or aid preventing;—
 The waters wild went o'er his child,—
 And he was left lamenting.

III

KING'S MESSENGER.*

Cranmer-Bying.

1

Galloping, galloping, gallant steed;
 Six reins slackened and dull with sweat,
 Galloping, galloping, still we speed,
 Seeking, counselling, onward set.

2

Galloping, galloping, piebald steed;
 Six reins, silken reins, start and strain,
 Galloping, galloping, still we speed,
 News—what news—from the king's domain

3

Galloping, galloping, white and black;
 Six reins glossy and flaked with foam,
 Galloping, galloping, look not back!
 On for the king—for the king we roam,

*Odes of Confucius,

4

Galloping, galloping, dappled grey;
 Six reins true to the hand alone,
 Galloping, galloping night and day,
 Seeking, questioning, galloping, gone!

IV

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

Longfellow.

1

It was the schooner Hesperus,
 That sailed the wintry sea;
 And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
 To bear him company.

2

Blue were her eyes, as the fairy-flax,
 Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
 And her bosom white as the hawthorne buds,
 That ope in the month of May.

3

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
 His pipe was in his mouth,
 And watched how the veering wind did blow
 The smoke now West, now South

4

Then up and spake an old sailor,
 Who had sailed the Spanish main,
 "I pray thee, put into yonder port,
 For I fear a hurricane.

5

Last night the moon had a golden ring,
 And to-night no moon we see !"
 The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
 And a scornful laugh laughed he.

6

Colder and louder blew the wind,
 A gale from the North-East;
 The snow fell hissing in the brine,
 And the billows frothed like yeast.

7

Down came the storm, and smote amain,
 The vessel in its strength;
 She shudder'd and paused, like a frightened steed,
 Then leaped her cable's length

8

"Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,
 And do not tremble so ;
 For I can weather the roughest gale
 That ever wind did blow."

9

He wrapp'd her warm in his seaman's coat
 Against the stinging blast ;
 He cut a rope from a broken spar,
 And bound her to the mast.

10

"O Father ! I hear the church-bells ring,
 O say, what may it be ?"
 "'Tis a fog-bell, on a rock-bound coast !" —
 And he steered for the open sea.

Poetry and Prose for Recitation.

45

11

"O Father! I hear the sound of guns,
 O say, what may it be?"
 "Some ship in distress that cannot live
 In such an angry sea!"

12

"O Father! I see a gleaming light,
 O say, what may it be?"
 But the father answered never a word
 A frozen corpse was he.

13

Lash'd to the helm, all stiff and stark
 With his face to the skies,
 The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
 On his fixed and glassy eyes.

14

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed,
 That saved she might be;
 And she thought of Christ, who stilled the waves
 On the Lake of Galilee.

15

And fast through the midnight dark and drear
 Through the whistling sleet and snow,
 Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
 Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

16

And ever the fitful gusts between
 A sound came from the land;
 It was the sound of trampling surf,
 On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

17

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
 She drifted a dreary wreck,
 And a whooping billow swept the crew
 Like icicles from her deck.

18

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
 Look'd soft as carded wool,
 But the cruel rocks, they gored her sides
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

19

Her rattling shrouds all sheathed in ice,
 With the masts went by the board;
 Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank,
 Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

20

At day-break on the bleak sea-beach,
 A fisherman stood aghast,
 To see the form of a maiden fair
 Lashed close to a drifting mast.

21

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
 The salt tears in her eyes;
 And he saw her hair like the brown sea-weed
 On the billows fall and rise.

22

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
 In the midnight and the snow;
 Christ save us all from a death like this
 On the reef of Norman's Woe!

V

THE HAPPY MAN.*

Cranmer-Byng.

1

He has perched in the valley with pines over-grown,
 This fellow so stout and so merry and free;
 He sleeps and he talks and he wanders alone,
 And none are so true to their pleasures as he.

2

He has builded his hut in the bend of the mound,
 This fellow so fine with his satisfied air;
 He wakes and he sings with no neighbour around,
 And whatever betide him his home will be there.

3

He dwells on a height amid cloudland and rain,
 This fellow so grand whom the world blunders by
 He slumbers alone, wakes, and slumbers again,
 And his secrets are safe in that valley of Wei.

VI

REGULUS.

Many hundred years ago two great cities, Carthage and Rome, were at war with each other.

A Roman general named Regulus was taken prisoner by the Carthaginians. The chief men of the city wanted to make peace and they thought that Regulus would help them to do so. "We will allow you to go back to Rome," they said. "If you will tell your countrymen that we wish for

*Odes of Confucius.

peace; if, however, you do not persuade them to stop the war, you must give us your word of honour to return to Carthage."

Regulus gave his promise and set sail for Rome with several noble Carthaginians.

When he arrived he asked the chief men of Rome to meet him in a public place. He then addressed them and said, "The Carthaginians wish for peace, they are growing weaker and weaker; I exhort you by your love for your country to continue the war until you have utterly destroyed your enemy."

He then turned to the Carthaginians and told them he was ready to return with them. His friends begged him to stay, and his wife and son clung to him, praying that he would not leave them again, but he refused to listen to them; "All men must know," he said, "that a Roman keeps his word."

He re-entered the ship and surrendered himself again to the Carthaginians. They were so angry with him that they put out his eyes and kept him in chains for many years until his death.

He was happy because he died for the honour of Rome.

• VII

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

Southey.

• 1 •

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he, beside his cottage door,
Was sitting in the sun;

And by him sported on the green,
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

2

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
She ran to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

3

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory."

4

"I find them in my garden, for
There's many here about;
And often when I go to plough
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

5

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for?"

6

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout:

But what they kill'd each other for,
 I could not well make out.
 But everybody said," quoth he,
 "That 'twas a famous victory!"

7

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by;
 They burn'd his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly:
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head!"

8

"With fire and sword, the country round
 Was wasted far and wide;
 And many a childing mother then
 And new-born baby died!—
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory."

9

"They say, it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won;
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun!—
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory."

10

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won
 And our good prince Eugene."
 "Why 'twas a very wicked thing!
 Said little Wilhelmine.
 "Nay—nay—my little girl," quoth he,
 It was a famous victory!"

11

“And everybody praised the Duke,
 Who this great fight did win :”—
 “But what good came of it at last?”
 Quoth little Peterkin;
 “Why, that I cannot tell,” said he,
 “But ’twas a famous victory.”

VIII

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

Scott.

1

O, Young Lochinvar is come out of the West!
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,
 And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none;
 He rode all unarm’d, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

2

He stay’d not for brake and he stopp’d not for stone;
 He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
 But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

3

So boldly he enter’d the Netherby Hall,
 Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all;—
 Then spoke the bride’s father, his hand on his sword
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
 “O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?”

4

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;—
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;—
 And now I am come with this lost love of mine
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the Young Lochinvar?"

— 5 —

The bride kiss'd the goblet, the knight took it up,
 He quaff'd off the wine and he threw down the cup.
 She look'd down to blush and she look'd up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could ban,—
 "Now tread we a measure!" said Young Lochinvar.

6

So stately his form and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
 While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
 And the bride-maidens whispered "'Twere better by far,
 To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar!"

7

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,
 When they reach'd the hall door and the charger stood near;
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
 "She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
 "They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth Young
 Lochinvar

8

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan,
 Forests, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran,
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie lea,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.

So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like Young Lochinvar?

IX

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Goldsmith.

1

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

2

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray,

3

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes,
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

4

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

5

This dog and man at first were friends,
But when a pique began,

The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

6

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wond'ring neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

7

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

8

But soon a wonder came to light;
That show'd the rogues they lied;
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

X

GELERT.

Spencer.

1

The spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn,
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Obey'd Llewellyn's horn.

2

But still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer;

"Come, Gelert! Why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear?"

3.

"Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam?
The flower of all his race!
So true, so brave; a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase!"

4.

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

5.

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare;
And scant and small the booty proved:
For Gelert was not there.

6.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

7.

But when, he gain'd the castle-door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound was smeared with gouts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood!

8.

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
Unused such looks to meet;
His favourite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

9.

Onward in haste Llewellyn pass'd—
 And on went Gelert too—
 And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
 Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view!

10.

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found
 The blood-stain'd cover rent;
 And all around, the walls and ground
 With recent blood besprent.

11.

He call'd his child—no voice replied;
 He search'd with terror wild;
 Blood! Blood! he found on every side,
 But nowhere found his child!

12.

"Monster! by thee my child's devour'd!"
 The frantic father cried,
 And to the hilt his vengeful sword
 He plung'd in Gelert's side!—

13.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
 Some slumberer waken'd nigh;
 What words the parent's joy can tell
 To hear his infant cry!

14.

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap
 His hurried search had miss'd,
 All glowing from his rosy sleep,
 His cherub boy he kiss'd.

15.

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread —
 But the same couch beneath
 Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead, —
 Tremendous still in death!

16.

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain!
 For now the truth was clear;
 The gallant hound the wolf had slain
 To save Llewellyn's heir!

17.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe, —
 "Best of thy kind, adieu!
 The frantic deed which laid thee low
 This heart shall ever rue!"

18.

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
 With costly sculpture deck'd;
 And marbles, storied with his praise,
 Poor Gelert's bones protect.

19.

Here never could the spearman pass,
 Or forester, unmoved;
 Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
 Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

20.

And here he hung his horn and spear;
 And oft, as ev'ning fell,
 In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
 Poor Gelert's dying yell!

XI.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Campbell.

1.

Ye Mariners of England
 That guard our Native Seas!
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze!
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To meet another foe!
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy tempests blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

2.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave!—
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And ocean was their grave:
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy tempests blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

3.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
 No towers along the steep;
 Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
 Her home is on the deep
 With thunders from her native oak
 She quells the floods below,—

As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy tempests blow;
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

4.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn;
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

XII.

THE KNIGHT'S LEAP.

A LEGEND OF ALTENAHR.

Kingsley. .

1.

"So the foemen have fired the gate, men of mine;
 And the water is spent and gone?
 Then bring me a cup of the red Ahr-wine,
 I never shall drink but this one.

2.

"And reach me my harness, and saddle my horse,
 And lead him me round to the door:
 He must take such a leap to-night perforce,
 As horse never took before.

3.

"I have fought my fight, I have lived my life,
I have drunk my share of wine;
From Trier to Coln there was never a knight
Led a merrier life than mine.

4.

"I have lived by the saddle for years two score;
And if I must die on tree,
Then the old saddle-tree, which has borne me of yore,
Is the properest timber for me.

5.

"So now to show bishop, and burgher, and priest,
How the Altenahr hawk can die;
If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest,
He must take to his wings and fly."

6.

He harnessed himself by the clear moonshine,
And he mounted his horse at the door;
And he drained such a cup of the red Ahr-wine,
As man never the drained before.

7.

He spurred the old horse, and he held him tight,
And he leapt him out over the wall;
Out over the cliff, out into the night,
Three hundred feet of fall.

8.

They found him next morning below in the glen,
With never a bone in him whole—
A mass or a prayer, now, good gentlemen,
For such a bold rider's soul,

XIII.

COLUMBUS.

Columbus stood on the sea coast of Portugal, and looked across the great Atlantic, that mighty ocean which no man had yet dared to cross. "If I had ships and men," he said to himself, "I would sail toward the setting sun and find another way to the splendid lands of the East."

He did not know that a New World lay between him and the countries which he sought,—the New World that we now call America.

People mocked him when he told them what he wished to do, and the great men of Portugal refused to help him. "That sea cannot be crossed," they said, "No ship can live through its terrible storms and its unknown horrors." He was not discouraged, but went away to Spain and there he found friends in King Ferdinand, and his Queen, Isabella. They gave him three ships, and with these, for seventy days, he struggled to the West over the unknown sea.

His sailors lost heart; they murmured against him and rebelled, but he kept steadily on his course, refusing to turn back. At last one morning the cry of "Land!" was heard from the mast-head, and soon the weary adventurers saw before them the beautiful coast of San Salvador, in the West Indies.

The great sailor had accomplished his purpose, he had risked his life and all that he had for the good of his fellow men, and his name will be remembered with honour as long as the New World lasts.

XIV.

THE INCICAPE ROCK.

Southey.

1.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
 The ship was as still as she could be;
 Her sails from heaven received no motion,
 Her keel was steady in the ocean.

2.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
 The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock:
 So little they rose, so little they fell,
 They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

3.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
 Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
 On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
 And over the waves its warning rung.

4.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
 The mariners heard the warning bell;
 And then they knew the perilous rock,
 And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

5.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
 All things were joyful on that day;
 The sea-birds scream'd as they wheeled round,
 And there was joyance in their sound.

6.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
 A darker speck on the ocean green;
 Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
 And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

7.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
 It made him whistle, it made him sing;
 His heart was mirthful to excess,—
 But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

8.

His eye was on the Inchcape float:
 Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
 And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
 I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

9.

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
 And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
 Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
 And cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

10.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound,
 The bubbles rose and burst around;
 Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock
 Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

11.

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
 He scour'd the seas for many a day;

And now grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

12.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind has blown a gale all day.
At evening it has died away.

13.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

14.

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore;
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape bell."

15.

They hear on sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind has fallen they drift along;
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
"Mercy! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

16.

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
And beat his breast in wild despair;
The waves rushed in on every side,
And the ship sank down beneath the tide.

XV.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Wolfe.

1.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

2.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

3.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

4.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

5.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

6.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

7.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

8.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory!

Divisions VI and VII.

I.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Whittier.

1.

Up from the meadows, rich with corn,
Clear from the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

2.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep;
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.

3.

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

4.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their silver bars,
Flapped in the morning wind;—the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one!

5.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down.

6.

In her attic window the staff she set,
 To show that one heart was loyal yet.
 Up the street came the rebel tread,
 Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

7.

Under his slouched hat left and right
 He glanced: the old flag met his sight.
 "Halt!"—the dust brown ranks stood fast;
 "Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast.

8.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
 It rent the banner with seam and gash.
 Quick as it fell from the broken staff
 Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

9.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
 And shook it forth with a royal will.
 "Shoot, if you must, this old gray head
 But spare your country's flag," she said.

10.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
 Over the face of the leader came;
 The nobler nature within him stirred
 To life, at that women's deed and word.

11.

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head,
 Dies like a dog. March on!" he said.
 All day long through Frederick street
 Sounded the tread of marching feet.

12.

All day long the free flag tossed
 Over the heads of the rebel host;
 Ever its torn folds rose and fell
 On the loyal winds that loved it well;

13.

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
 Shone over it with a warm good-night.—
 Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
 And the rebel rides on his raid no more.

14.

• Honour to her! And let a tear
 Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier!
 Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
 Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

15.

Peace and order and beauty, draw
 Round thy symbol of light and law;
 And ever the stars above look down
 On the stars below, in Frederick town!

II.

THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

Byron.

1.

Toll for the brave,
 The brave that are no more!
 All sunk beneath the wave,
 Fast by their native shore.

2.

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

3.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset,
Down went the "Royal George"
With all her crew complete.

4.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

5.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

6.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

7.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes,

8.

Her timbers yet are sound,
 And she may float again,
 Full charged with England's thunder,
 And plough the distant main.

9.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
 His victories are o'er;
 And he and his eight hundred
 Shall plough the waves no more.

III.

WILLIAM TELL.

Gurney.

1.

Come, list to me, and you shall hear
 A tale of what befell
 A famous man of Switzerland—
 His name was William Tell.

2.

Near Kenss's bank, from day to day,
 His little flock he led,
 By prudent thrift and hardy toil
 Content to earn his bread.

3.

Nor was the hunter's craft unknown;
 In Uri none was seen
 To track the rock-frequenting herd
 With eye so true and keen.

4.

A little son was in his home,
 A laughing, fair-haired boy;
 So strong of limb, so blithe of heart,
 He made it ring with joy.

5.

His father's sheep were all his friends
 The lambs he called by name;
 And when they frolicked in the fields,
 The child would share the game.

6.

So peacefully their hours were spent
 That life had scarce a sorrow;
 They took the good of every day
 And hoped for more to-morrow.

7.

But oft some shining April morn
 Is darkened in an hour,
 And blackest griefs o'er joyous homes
 Alas! unseen may lower.

8.

Not yet on Switzerland had dawned
 Her day of liberty;
 The stranger's yoke was on her sons
 And pressed right heavily.

9.

So one was sent in luckless hour
 To rule in Austria's name;
 A haughty man of savage mood—
 In pomp and pride he came.

10.

One day, in wantonness of power
 He set his cap on high:—
 “Bow down, ye slaves the order ran;
 “Who disobeys shall die!”

11.

It chanced that William Tell that morn
 Had left his cottage home,
 And, with his little son in hand,
 To Altorf town had come.

12.

For oft the boy had eyed the spoil
 His father homeward bore,
 And prayed to join the hunting crew
 When they should roam for more.

13.

And often on some merry night,
 When wondrous feats were told,
 He longed his father's bow to take,
 And be a hunter bold.

14.

Tell saw the crowd, the lifted cap
 The tyrant's angry frown;
 And heralds shouted in his ear,
 “Bow down, ye slaves, bow down!”

15.

Stern Gessler marked the peasant's mien
 And watched to see him fall;
 But never palm-tree straighter stood
 Than Tell before them all;

16.

"My knee shall bend," he calmly said,
 "To God, and God alone;
 My life is in the Austrian's hand,
 My conscience is my own."

17.

"Seize him, ye guards!" the ruler cried,
 While passion choked his breath;
 "He mocks my power, he braves my lord,
 He dies the traitor's death;—

18.

"Yet wait: the Swiss are marksmen true—
 So all the world doth say;
 That fair-haired stripling hither bring—
 We'll try their skill to-day."

19.

Hard by a spreading lime-tree stood,
 To this the youth was bound;
 They placed an apple on his head—
 He looked in wonder round.

20.

"The fault is mine, if fault there be,"
 Cried Tell, in accents wild;
 "On manhood let your vengeance fall,
 But spare, oh, spare my child!"

21.

"I will not harm the pretty boy,"
 Said Gessler taunting by;
 "If blood of his shall stain the ground
 Yours will the murder be."

22.

"Draw tight your bow, my cunning man,
Your straightest arrow take;
For know you apple is your mark,
Your liberty the stake."

23.

A mingled noise of wrath and grief
Was heard among the crowd;
The men they muttered curses deep,
The women wept aloud.

24.

Full fifty paces from his child,
His strong bow in his hand,
With lips compressed, and flashing eye,
Tell firmly took his stand.

25.

Sure, full enough of pain and woe
This crowded earth has been:
But never since the curse began,
A sadder sight was seen.

26.

Then spake aloud the gallant boy,
Impatient of delay,
"Shoot straight and quick, thine aim is sure;
Thou canst not miss, to-day."

27.

"Heaven bless thee now!" the parent said,
"Thy courage shames my fear:
"Man tramples on his brother man,
But God is ever near,"

28.

The bow was bent, the arrow went
 As by an angel guided;
 In pieces two, beneath the tree,
 The apple fell divided;

29.

"'Twas bravely done," the ruler said,
 "My plighted word I keep;
 "'Twas bravely done by sire and son—
 Go home, and feed your sheep."

30.

"No thanks I give thee for thy boon,"
 The peasant coldly said;
 "To God alone my praise is due,
 And duly shall be paid.

31.

"Yet know proud man, thy fate was near,
 Had I but missed my aim;
 Not unavenged my child had died—
 Thy parting hour the same.

32.

"For see! A second shaft was here,
 If harm my boy befell;—
 Now go and bless the heavenly powers
 My first has sped, so well."

33.

God helped the right, God spared the sin,
 He brings the proud to shame;
 He guards the weak against the strong—
 Praise to His holy name.

IV.

EXCELSIOR.

Longfellow.

1.

The shades of night were falling fast,
 And through an Alpine village pass'd
 A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice,
 A banner with the strange device—
 Excelsior!

2.

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
 Flash'd like a falchion from its sheath,
 And like a silver clarion long
 The accents of that unknown tongue,—
 Excelsior!

3.

In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright,
 Above the spectral glaciers shone,
 But from his lips escaped a groan,—
 Excelsior!

4.

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
 "Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
 But loud that clarion voice replied—
 Excelsior!

5.

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,—
Excelsior!

6.

"Beware the pine-tree's wither'd branch
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night;
A voice replied, far up the height,—
Excelsior!

7.

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Utter'd the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,—
Excelsior!

8.

A traveller, by a faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping, in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device,—
Excelsior!

9.

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,—
Excelsior!

V.

CHEIRON.

Kingsley.

Then Aeson put down the lad, and whispered, "Fear not, but go in, and whomsoever you shall find, lay your hands upon his knees and say, 'In the name of Zeus, the father of Gods and Men, I am your guest from this day forth.'"

Then the lad went in without trembling, for he too was a hero's son; but when he was within, he stopped in wonder to listen to that magic song.

• And there he saw the singer lying upon bearskins and fragrant boughs: Cheiron, the ancient centaur, the wisest of all things beneath the sky. Down to the waist he was a man but below he was a noble horse; his white hair rolled down over his broad shoulders, and his white beard over his broad brown chest; and his eyes were wise and mild, and his forehead like a mountain-wall.

And in his hands he held a harp of gold, and struck it with a golden key; and as he struck, he sang till his eyes glittered, and filled all the cave with light.

And he sang of the birth of Time, and of the heavens and the dancing stars; and of the ocean, and the ether, and the fire, and the shaping of the wondrous earth. And he sang of the treasures of the hills, and the hidden jewels of the mine, and the veins of fire and metal, and the virtues of all healing herbs, and of the speech of birds, and of prophecy, and of hidden things to come. Then he sang of health, and strength, and manhood, and a valiant heart; and of music, and hunting, and wrestling, and all the games which heroes love; and of travel, and wars and sieges, and a noble death in fight; and then he sang of

peace and plenty, and of equal justice in the land; and as he sang the boy listened wide-eyed, and forgot his errand in the song.

VI.

LORRAINE, LORRAINE, LORREE.

Kingsley.

1.

“Are you ready for your steeple-chase, Lorraine, Lorraine,
Lorrée?
You’re booked to ride your capping race to-day at
Coulterlee,
You’re booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world to see,
To keep him straight, to keep him first, and win the run
for me.

2.

She clasped her new-born baby, poor Lorraine, Lorraine,
Lorrée,
“I cannot ride Vindictive, as any man might see,
And I will not ride Vindictive, with this baby on my knee;
He’s killed a boy, he’s killed a man, and why must he kill
me?”

3.

“Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrée,
Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulterlee,
And land him safe across the brook, and win the run for
me,
It’s you may keep your baby, for you’ll get no keep from
me.”

4.

"That husbands could be cruel," said Lorraine, Lorraine,
Lorrèe

"That husbands could be cruel, I have known for seasons
three;

But oh! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me,
And be killed across a fence at last for all the world to see!"

5.

She mastered young Vindictive—Oh! the gallant lass was
she,

And kept him straight and won the race as near as near
could be;

But he killed her at the brook against a pollard willow-tree,
Oh! he killed her at the brook, the brute, for all the world
to see,

And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine, Lorrèe.

VII.

YOUNG AND OLD.

Kingsley.

1.

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And around the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

2.

When all the world is old, lad,
 And all the trees are brown
 And all the sport is stale, lad,
 And all the wheels run down;
 Creep home and take your place there
 The spent and maimed among:
 God grant you find one face there,
 You loved when all was young.

VIII.

THE FISHERMAN AND THE PORTER.

Saxe.

1.

There was a famous noble man
 Who flourished in the East,
 And once, upon a holiday,
 He made a goodly feast,
 And summoned in of kith and kin
 A hundred at the least.

2.

Now while they sat in social chat,
 Discoursing frank and free,
 In came the steward, with a bow,
 "A man below," said he,
 "Has got, my lord, the finest fish
 That ever swam the sea!"

3.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the noble man,
 "Then buy it in a trice;
 The finest fish that ever swam
 Must needs be very nice;
 Go, buy it of the fisherman,
 And never mind the price."

4.

"And so I would," the steward said,
 "But faith, he wouldn't hear
 A word of money for his fish,—
 Was ever man so queer?
 But said he thought a hundred stripes
 Could not be counted dear!"

5.

"Go, bring him here," my lord replied;
 "The man I fain would see:
 A merry wag, by your report,
 That fisherman must be;"
 "Go, bring him here! Go, bring him here!"
 Cried all the company.

6.

The steward did as he was bid,
 When thus my lord began:
 "For this fine fish what may you wish?
 I'll buy it if I can."
 "One hundred lashes on my back"
 Exclaimed the fisherman.

7.

"Now by the rood! but this is good,"
 The laughing lord replied;
 "Well, let the fellow have his way;
 "Go, call a groom!" he cried!
 "But let the payment he demands
 Be modestly applied."

8.

He bared his back and took the lash
 As it were merry play;
 But at the fiftieth stroke he said,
 "Good master groom, I pray
 Desist a moment, if you please;
 I have a word to say."

9.

"I have a partner in the case
 The fellow standing there;
 Pray take the jacket off his back,
 And let him have his share;
 That one of us should take the whole
 Were surely hardly fair!"

10.

"A partner" cried the nobleman,
 "What can the fellow mean?"
 "I mean," replied the fisherman,
 With countenance serene,
 "Your porter there! the biggest knave
 That ever yet was seen!"

11.

"The rogue who stopped me at the gate,
 And wouldn't let me in
 Until I swore to give him half
 Of all my fish should win.
 I've got my share! Pray let, my lord,
 His payment now begin!"

12.

"What you propose," my lord replied,
 "Is nothing more than fair;
 Here, groom, lay on a hundred stripes,
 And mind you do not spare;
 The scurvy dog shall never say
 He didn't get his share!"

13.

Then all that goodly company,
 They laughed with might and main,
 The while beneath the stinging lash
 The porter writhed in pain.
 "So fare all villains," quoth my lord,
 "Who seek dishonest gain!"

14.

Then, turning to the fisherman,
 Who still was standing near,
 He filled his hand with golden coins,
 Some twenty sequins clear,
 And bade him come and take the like
 On each succeeding year

IX.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Tennyson.

1.

Half a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the Valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
 "Forward the Light brigade!
 Charge for the guns!" he said;
 Into the Valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

2.

"Forward the Light Brigade!"
 Was there a man dismayed?
 Not though the soldier knew
 Some one had blundered;

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

3.

Cannon to right of them
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered!
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

4.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

o 5.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,

While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came through the jaws of Death,
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

6.

When can their glory fade?
 Oh, the wild charge they made!
 All the world wondered.
 Honour the charge they made!
 Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

X.

“HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS
 FROM GHENT TO AIX.”

Browning.

1.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
 “Good speed!” cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
 “Speed!” echoed the wall to us galloping through;
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

2.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
 Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
 I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
 Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
 Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

3.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
 Lokereſh, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
 At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
 At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
 And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half chime,
 So, Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

4.

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
 And against him the cattle stood black every one,
 To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
 And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
 With resolute shoulders, each butting away
 The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

5.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
 For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
 And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
 O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
 And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
 His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

6.

By Hasselt, Dirck ground, and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
 "Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
 "We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
 Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
 And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
 As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

7.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
 Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
 The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
 'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
 Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
 And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

8.

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roar
 Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
 And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
 Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
 With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
 And with circles of red for his eye-socket's rim.

9.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
 Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
 Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
 Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
 Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good
 Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

10.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
 As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
 And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
 As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
 Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
 Was no more than his due who brought good news from
 Ghent.

 XI.

"PALLAS ATHENE."

Kingsley.

Now one day at Samos, while the ship was lading,
 Perseus wandered into a pleasant wood to get out of the
 sun, and sat down on the turf and fell asleep. And as he
 slept a strange dream came to him—the strangest dream
 which he had ever had in his life. There came a lady to

him through the wood, taller than he, or any mortal man; but beautiful exceedingly, with great grey eyes, clear and piercing, but strangely soft and mild. And Perseus dropped his eyes, trembling and blushing, as the wonderful lady spoke.

“Perseus, you must do an errand for me.”

“Who are you, lady? And how do you know my name?”

“I am Pallas Athené; and I know the thoughts of all men’s hearts, and discern their manhood or their baseness.

“And from the souls of clay I turn away, and they are blest, but not by me. They fatten at ease, like sheep in the pasture, and eat what they did not sow, like oxen in the stall. They grow and spread, like the gourd along the ground; but, like the gourd, they give no shade to the traveller, and when they are ripe death gathers them, and they go down unloved into hell, and their name vanishes out of the land.

“But to the souls of fire I give more fire, and to those who are manful I give a might more than man’s. These are the heroes, the sons of the Immortals, who are blest, but not like the souls of clay. For I drive them forth by strange paths, Perseus, that they may fight the Titans and the monsters, the enemies of Gods and men. Through doubt and need, danger and battle, I drive them; and some of them are slain in the flower of youth, no man knows when or where; and some of them win noble names, and a fair and green old age; but what will be their latter end I know not, and none, save Zeus, the father of Gods and men. Tell me now, Perseus, which of these two sorts of men seem to you more blest?”

Then Perseus answered boldly: “Better to die in the flower of youth, on the chance of winning a noble name, than to live at ease like the sheep, and die unloved and unrenowned.”

XII.**INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.****Browning.***1.**

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon.
 A mile or so away,
 On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming-day;
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind.

2.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans
 "That soar, to earth may fall,
 "Let once my army leader Lannes
 "Waver at yonder wall,"—
 Out 'twixt the battery-smoke there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.*

3.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 Just by his horse's mane, a boy:
 You hardly could suspect—
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came through)
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two,

4.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
 "We've got you Ratisbon!
 "The Marshall's in the market-place,
 "And you'll be there anon
 "To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 "Where I, to heart's desire,
 "Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

5.

"The chief's eye flashed; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes;
 "You're wounded;" "Nay," the soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said:
 "I'm killed, sire!" And his chief beside,
 Smiling the boy fell dead.

XII.

LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY.

• *Scott.*
 •

1.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 "This is my own, my Native land!"
 Whose heart has ne'er within him burn'd,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wand'ring on a foreign strand?
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well
 For him no minstrel raptures swell!

2.

High though his title, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim:—
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf.
 The wretch, concentrated all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

XIV.

THE PRAYER OF THE EMPEROR CHING.

PART I.*

Upward.

1.

Let me be reverent, be reverent,
 Even as the way of Heaven is evident,
 And its appointment easy is to mar.

2.

Let me not say, "It is too high above,"
 Above us and below us doth it move,
 And daily watches wherso'er we are.

3.

It is but as a little child I ask,
 Without intelligence to do my task,
 Yet learning, month by month, and day by day.

4.

I will hold fast some gleams of knowledge bright
 Help me to bear my heavy burden right,
 And show me how to walk in wisdom's way.

* From the Odes of Confucius.

XV.

THE PRAYER OF THE EMPEROR CHING.

PATR II.

Upward.

Even as a little helpless child am I,
 On whom hath fallen the perplexed affairs
 Of this unsettled state. High loneliness
 And sorrow are my portion. Thou great Father,
 Thou kindly pattern of parental awe,
 Whose mind for ever in the courts beheld,
 Roaming, the royal image of thy sire,
 Night long and day long, I—the little child—
 Will be so reverent.

O ye great kings!
 Your crowned successor crowns you in his heart.
 Live unforgotten. Here, upon the verge
 Of the momentous years, I pause and trace
 The shining footsteps of my forefathers,
 And the far-distant goal that drew them on—
 Too distant for my range. Howe'er resolved
 I may go forward, lo! a thousand tracks
 Cause me to swerve aside. A little child—
 Only a little child—I am too frail
 To cope with the anxieties of state
 And cares of king-craft. Yet I will ascend,
 Into my Father's room, and through the courts
 Below, for ever seeking, I will pass,
 To brush the skirts of inspiration
 And touch the sleeves of memory.

O great
 And gracious Father, hear and condescend
 To guard, to cherish, to enlighten me.

XVI.**THE LOSS OF THE "BIRKENHEAD."***Doyle.***1.**

Right on our flank the crimson sun went down,
 The deep sea rolled around in dark repose,
 When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
 A cry of women rose.

2.

The stout ship Birkenhead lay hard and fast,
 Caught, without hope, upon a hidden rock;
 Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when through them passed
 The spirit of that shock.

3.

And ever, like base cowards who leave their ranks,
 In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
 Drifted away, disorderly, the planks,
 From underneath her keel.

4.

Confusion spread; for, though the coast seemed near,
 Sharks hovered thick along that white sea-brink.
 The boats could hold?—not all—and it was clear
 She was about to sink.

5.

"Out with those boats, and let us haste away,"
 Cried one, "ere yet yon sea the bark devours,"
 The man thus clamouring was, I scarce need say
 No officer of ours.

6.

We knew our duty better than to care
For such loose babblers, and made no reply;
Till our good colonel gave the word, and there
Formed us in line—to die.

7.

There rose no murmur from the ranks, no thought
By shameful strength, unhonoured life to seek,
Our post to quit we were not trained, nor taught
To trample down the weak.

8.

So we made women with their children go.
The oars ply back again, and yet again;
Whilst inch, by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still under steadfast men.

9.

What followed, why recall? The brave who died,
Died without flinching, in the bloody surf.
They sleep, as well beneath that purple tide.
As others under turf.

Senior Classes

I.

THE POETS SONG.

Tennyson.

1.

The rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
He pass'd by the town, and out of the street;
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet.

2.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,
The snake slipt under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared, with his foot on the prey,
And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away."

II.

HORATIUS.

(SELECTIONS.)

Macaulay.

1.

But the consul's brow was sad,
 And the consul's speech was low;
 And darkly looked he at the wall,
 And darkly at the foe;
 "Their van will be upon us
 Before the bridge goes down;
 And if they once may win the bridge,
 What hope to save the town?"

2.

Then out spake brave Horatius,
 The captain of the gate;
 "To every man upon this earth
 Death cometh soon or late;
 And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds
 For the ashes of his fathers
 And the temples of his gods?"

3.

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
 With all the speed ye may;
 I, with two more to help me,
 Will hold the foe in play;
 In yon strait path a thousand
 May well be stopped by three.
 Now, who will stand on either hand,
 And keep the bridge with me?"

4.

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
 A Rammian proud was he;
 "Lo! I will stand at thy right hand,
 And keep the bridge with thee."
 And out spake strong Herminius;
 Of Titian blood was he;
 "I will abide on thy left side,
 And keep the bridge with thee."

5.

"Horatius," quoth the consul,
 "As thou sayest, so let it be,"
 And straight against that great array
 Forth went the dauntless Three;
 For Romans in Rome's quarrel
 Spared neither land nor gold,
 Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
 In the brave days of old.

6.

Now, while the Three were tightening
 Their harness on their backs,
 The consul was the foremost man
 To take in hand an axe;
 And Fathers mixed with Commons
 Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
 And smote upon the planks above,
 And loosed the props below.

7.

Meanwhile, the Tuscan army,
 Right glorious to behold,
 Came, flashing back the noonday light,
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright
 Of a broad sea of gold,

Four hundred trumpets sounded
 A peal of warlike glee,
 As that great host, with measured tread,
 And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
 Rolled slowly toward the bridge's head,
 Where stood the dauntless Three.

8.

The Three stood calm and silent,
 And looked upon the foes,
 And a great shout of laughter
 From all the vanguard rose;
 And forth three chiefs came spurring
 Before that deep array;
 To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
 And lifted high their shields, and flew
 To win the narrow way.

9.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
 Into the stream beneath;
 Herminius struck at Seius,
 And clove him to the teeth;
 At Picus brave Horatius
 Darted one fiery thrust,
 And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
 Clashed in the bloody dust.

10.

But now no sound of laughter
 Was heard amongst the foes;
 A wild and wrathful clamour
 From all the vanguard rose;
 Six spears' lengths from the entrance
 Halted that deep array,
 And for a space no man came forth
 To win the narrow way.

11.

But hark! the cry is Astur;
And, lo! the ranks divide,
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the four-fold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

12.

He smiled on those bold Romans,
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay;
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

13.

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius
And smote with all his might;
With shield and blade Horatius
Right defty turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh;
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

14.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.

Through teeth and skull and helmet
• So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breath out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

15.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
“Come back, come back, Horatius!”
Loud cried the Fathers all,
“Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!”

16.

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back;
And as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more;

17.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam,

18.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind,
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee" cried Lars Porsena,—
"Now yield thee to our grace."

19.

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome;

20.

"O Tiber, Father Tiber,
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

21.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank.

And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Cou'd scarce forbear to cheer.

22.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

23.

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

24.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

25.

When the oldest cask is opened,
 And the largest lamp is lit;
 And the chestnuts glow in the embers,
 And the kid turns on the spit;
 When young and old in circle
 Around the firebrands close;
 When the girls are weaving baskets,
 And the lads are shaping bows;

26.

When the goodman mends his armour,
 And trims his helmet's plume;
 When the good wife's shuttle merrily
 Goes flashing through the loom,—
 With weeping and with laughter
 Still is the story told,
 How well Horatius kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

III.

THE MEN TO MAKE A STATE.

Doane.

The men to make a state, must be intelligent men. I do not mean that they must know that two and two make four; or that six per cent. a year is half per cent. a month. The intelligence which a state demands will take a higher and a wider range; its study will be man; it will first know itself. What else can govern men? Who else can know the men to govern men?

The right of suffrage is a serious thing. It calls for wisdom and discretion and intelligence of no ordinary standard; it affects the interests of all the nation. Who will exercise it blindly? Who will exercise it passionately? Who as a sycophant or a tool?—How many do! These are not the men to make a state.

The men to make a state must be honest men. I do not mean men that would never steal; I do not mean men that would scorn to cheat in taking change.

I mean men with a single face; I mean men with a single tongue; I mean men that always consider what is right, and do it at whatever cost; I mean men whom no king on earth can buy.

Men that are in the market for the highest bidder; men that make politics their trade, and look to Office for a living; men that will crawl, where they cannot climb;—these are not the men to make a state.

The men to make a state must be brave men. I do not mean men that pick a quarrel; I do not mean men that carry dirks; I mean men that walk with open face and unprotected breast; I mean the men that do, but do not talk; I mean the men that dare to stand alone; I mean the men that are afraid to kill, but not afraid to die.

The man that calls hard names and uses threats; the man that stabs in secret, with his tongue or his pen; the man that moves a mob to deeds of violence and self-destruction; the man that freely offers his last drop of blood, but never sheds the first;—these are not the men to make a state.

The men to make a state are made by faith. A man that has no faith is so much flesh; his heart a muscle,—nothing more. He lives; so does a clam. Both die. Such men can never make a state.

There must be faith, which furnishes the fulcrum Archimedes could not find for the long lever that should move the world.

There must be faith that can lay hold on heaven, and let the earth swing from beneath it, if God will.

There must be faith that can afford to sink the present in the future.

This is the way that men are made, to make a state.

IV.

ABOUT BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

Leigh Hunt.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase) !
 Awoke one night from a sweet dream of peace,
 And saw within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel, writing in a book of gold,—
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said;
 "What writest thou?—The vision raised its head,
 And with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
 But cheerily still and said, "I pray thee then.
 Write me as one that loves his fellowmen."
 The Angel wrote and vanished.

The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
 And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

V.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Campbell.

1.

Of Nelson and the North,
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
 When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
 By each gun the lighted brand.
 In a bold determined hand,
 And the Prince of all the land
 Led them on.

2.

Like leviathans afloat
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
 While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line;
 It was ten of April morn by the chime.
 As they drifted on their path,
 There was silence deep as death,
 And the boldest held his breath,
 For a time.

3.

But the might of England flushed
 To anticipate the scene;
 And her van the fleetest rushed
 O'er the deadly space between.
 "Hearts of oak!" our captains cried; when each
 From its adamant lips, [gun,
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,
 Like the hurricane eclipse
 Of the sun.

4.

Again! Again! Again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer, the Dane,
To our cheering, sent us back:—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

5.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave;
“Ye are brothers! Ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:—
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king.”

6.

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day;
While the sun look'd shining bright,
O'er all wide and woful light
Where the fire of funeral light.
Died away.

7.

Now joy, old England, raise
For the tidings of thy might!
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light!

And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep,
 Full many a fathom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore!

8.

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died;—
 With the gallant good Riou:
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave,
 While the billow mournful rolls,
 And the mermaid's song condoes,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave!

 VI.

THE OCEAN.

Byron.

1.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan—
 Without a grave, unknelt, uncoffined, and unknown.

2.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
 And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth: there let him lay.

3.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities bidding nations quake
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals;
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
 These are thy toys; and as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

4.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since: their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts. Not so thou;
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

5.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests, in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale or storm,

Iceing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime—
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

6.

And I have loved thee, ocean! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
 I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear;
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy name—as I do here.

VII.

MERCY.

(FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.")

Shakespeare.

'The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown.
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
 It is an attribute of God himself;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. Think of this,
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy.

VIII.

DOUGLAS AND MARMION.

(FROM "MARMION.")

Scott.

1.

Not far advanced was morning day,
 When Marmion did his troop array
 To Surrey's camp to ride;
 He had safe conduct for his band,
 Beneath the royal seal and hand,
 And Douglas gave a guide.

2.

The train from out the castle drew;
 But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:
 "Though something I might 'plain," he said,
 "Of cold respect to stranger guest.
 Sent hither by your King's behest,
 While in Tantallon's towers I staid;
 Part we in friendship from your land,
 And, noble earl, receive my hand,"

3.

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
 Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :
 " My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
 Be open at my sovereign's will,
 To each one whom he lists, howe'er
 Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
 My castles are my king's alone,
 From turret to foundation-stone—
 The hand of Douglas is his own ;
 And never shall in friendly grasp
 The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

4.

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
 And shook his very frame for ire,
 And—" This to me !" he said—
 " An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
 Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
 To cleave the Douglas' head !
 And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
 He who does England's message here,
 Although the meanest in her state,
 May well, proud Angus, be thy mate :
 And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
 Even in thy pitch of pride,
 Here in thy hold, thy vassals near—
 (Nay, never look upon your lord,
 And lay your hands upon your sword) ;
 I tell thee, thou'rt defied !
 And if thou saidst, I am not peer
 To any lord in Scotland here,
 Lowland or Highland, far or near
 Lord Angus, thou hast lied !"

5.

On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
 Fierce he broke forth: "And dar'st thou then
 To beard the lion in his den,
 The Douglas in his hall?
 And hope'st thou hence unscathed to go?
 No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!
 Up drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!
 Let the portcullis fall."
 Lord Marmion turned—well was his need,
 And dashed the rowels in his steed,
 Like arrow through the archway sprung;
 The ponderous gate behind him rung
 To pass there was such scanty room,
 "The bars descending, grazed his plume.
 The steed along the drawbridge flies,
 Just as it trembled on the rise;
 Nor lighter does the swallow skim
 Along the smooth lake's level brim;
 And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
 He halts and turns with clenched hand,
 And shout of loud defiance pours,
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

6.

"Horse; horse" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
 But soon he reined his fury's pace:
 "A royal messenger he came,
 Though most unworthy of the name—
 A letter forged! St. Jude to speed!
 Did ever knight so foul a deed!
 At first in heart it liked me ill,
 When the king praised his clerkly skill,
 Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
 Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line;

So swore I, and I swear it still.
 Let my boy-bishop fret his fill.
 Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
 Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
 I thought to slay him where he stood.
 'Tis pity of him too," he cried:
 "Bold can he speak, and fairly ride;
 I warrant him a warrior tried,"
 With this his mandate he recalls,
 And slowly seeks his castle halls.

IX.

HENRY V.'S SPEECH BEFORE THE BATTLE OF
 AGINCOURT. OCTOBER 15TH, 1415.

(FROM "HENRY V.")

Shakespeare.

Who's he that wishes for more men from England?
 My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin;
 If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
 To do our country loss; and if to live,
 The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
 No, no, my lord; wish not a man from England!
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, throughout my host,
 That he who hath no stomach to this fight,
 May straight depart: his passport shall be made,
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
 We would not die in that man's company!
 This day is called the Feast of Crispian:
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian!

He that outlives this day and sees old age,
 Will, yearly on the vigil, feast his neighbours,
 And say—To-morrow is Saint Crispian!
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
 Old men forget, yet all shall be forgot,
 But they'll remember, with advantages,
 What feats they did this day. Then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
 This story shall the good man teach his son;
 And Crispian's day shall ne'er go by,
 From this time to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remember'd;
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers!
 For he, to-day, that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother—be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition;
 And, gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here;
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispian's day.

X.

THE SEVEN AGES.

(FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT.")

Shakespeare.

All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players;
 They have their exits and their entrances;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
 And then the whining school boy, with his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping like a snail,
 Unwillingly to school; and then the lover,
 Sighing like a furnace, with a woful ballad,
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow: then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth: and then, the justice,
 In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
 And so he plays his part: the sixth age shifts,
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
 With youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound: last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

XI.

HENRY OF NAVARRE.

Macaulay.

1.

Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all glories are!
 And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
 Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
 Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh, pleasant land of France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the
waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning
daughters,
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy
walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of
war,
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre!

2.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish
spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our
land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his
hand!
And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empur-
pled flood;
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of
war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

3.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant
crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and
high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to
wing,

Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord
the King!"

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, midst the ranks
of war,

And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre.

4.

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring
culverin!

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the Golden Lilies now—upon them with the
lance!

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in
rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-
white crest,

And in they burst and on they rushed, while, like a guiding
star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

5.

Now God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned
his rein.

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is
slain.

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay
gale;

The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and
cloven mail.

And then, we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew," was passed from man to
man.

But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign Lord King Henry, the soldier of
Navarre!

6.

Ho! Maidens of Vienna! Ho! Matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall
return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistols,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spear-
men's souls!
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be
bright!
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keen watch and ward to-
night!
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised
the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the
brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre!

XII.

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

Cambell

1.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Or Iser, rolling rapidly.

2.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery!

3.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

4.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven!
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven!
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery!

5.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly!

6.

'Tis morn—but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-cloud rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy!

7.

The combat deepens—On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!—

8.

Few, few shall part where many meet
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

XIII.

MARK ANTONY'S ORATION.

(FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR.")

Shakespeare.

Friends, Romans, Countrymen! lend me your ears;
 I come to bury Cæsar not to praise him.
 The evil that men do, lives after them;
 The good is oft interred with their bones:
 So let it be with Cæsar!—Noble Brutus
 Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious,—
 If it was so, it was a grievous fault;
 And grievously hath Cæsar answered it!
 Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest—
 For Brutus is an honourable man!
 So are they all! all honourable men—
 Come I to speak at Cæsar's funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me—
 But Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honourable man!
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept!
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff!—

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honourable man!
 You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?—
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And sure he is an honourable man!
 I speak, not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once; not without cause:
 What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
 O judgment! thou hast fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar:
 And I must pause till it come back to me!

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world—now lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence!
 O masters! if I were disposed to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honourable men!—
 I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable men!—
 But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar—
 I found it in his closet—'tis his will!
 Let but the commons hear this testament—
 Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
 And they will go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory;
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue!—

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle. I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on:
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,—
 That day he overcame the Nervii!—
 Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through!—
 See what a rent the envious Casca made!—
 Through this—the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd!
 And, as he pluck'd his cursèd steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it!—
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.—
 Judge, O ye gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
 This, this was the most unkindest cut of all;
 • For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue—
 Which all the while ran blood,—great Cæsar fell!
 Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us!
 Oh, now you weep and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls! what! weep you when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded?—look you here!
 Here is himself—Marr'd, as you see, by traitors!—
 Good friends! sweet friends! let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny!
 They that have done this deed are honourable!
 What private grief they have, alas! I know not,
 That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
 And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts
 I am no orator, as Brutus is,
 But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
 That loves his friend—and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him.
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood: I only speak right on!
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds poor, poor, dumb
 mouths,
 And bid them speak for me! But were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

XIV.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, THE HISTORY OF PROGRESS.

Macaulay

1.

The history of England is emphatically the history of progress. It is the history of a constant movement of the public mind, of a constant change in the institutions of a great society. We see that society, at the beginning of the twelfth century, in a state more miserable than the state in which the most degraded nations of the East now are. We see it subjected to the tyranny of a handful of armed foreigners. We see a strong distinction of caste separating the Victorious Norman from the Vanquished Saxon. We see the great body of the population in a state of personal slavery. We see the most debasing and cruel superstition exercising boundless dominion over the most elevated and

benevolent minds. We see the multitude sunk in brutal ignorance, and the studious few engaged in acquiring what did not deserve the name of knowledge.

2.

In the course of seven centuries the wretched and degraded race have become the greatest and most highly civilized people that ever the world saw; have spread their dominion over every quarter of the globe; have scattered the seeds of mighty empires and republics over vast continents; have created a maritime power which would annihilate, in a quarter of an hour the natives of Tyre, Athens, Carthage, Venice, and Genoa together; have carried the science of healing, the means of locomotion and correspondence, every mechanical art, every manufacture, everything that promotes the convenience of life, to a perfection which our ancestors would have thought magical; have produced a literature which may boast of works not inferior to the noblest which Greece has bequeathed to us; have discovered the laws which regulate the motions of the heavenly bodies; have speculated with exquisite subtlety on the operations of the human mind; have been the acknowledged leaders of the human race in the career of political improvement.

3.

The history of England is the history of this great change in the moral, intellectual, and physical state of the inhabitants of our own island.

There is much amusing and instructive episodic matter; but this is the main action. To us, we will own, nothing is so interesting and delightful as to contemplate the steps by which the England of the Doomsday Book, the England of the Curfew and the Forest Laws, the England of Crusaders, monks, schoolmen, astrologers, serfs, outlaws, became the England which we know and love, the classic ground of Liberty and Philosophy, the school of all knowledge, the mart of all Trade.

XV.

THE EVE OF QUATRE BRAS.

*Byron.**14th June, 1815.*

1.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell;
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising
 knell!

2.

Did ye not hear it?—no; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
 But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
 Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

3.

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
 Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
 That sound, the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear;
 And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well

Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rush'd into the field, and foremost fighting, fell.

4.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise.

5.

And there was mounting in hot haste! the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war,
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe!
They come! they come!"

6.

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evans, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's
ears!

7.

And^o Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave—alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and
 low.

8.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
 Battle's magnificently stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
 Rider and horse—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

XVI.

THE SAXON AND THE GAEL.

(FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE.")

Scott.

1.

The Chief in silence strode before,
 And reach'd that torrent's sounding shore,
 Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
 From Vennachar in silver breaks,

Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the mouldering lines,

Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurl'd

And here his course the Chieftain staid;

Threw down his target and his plaid,

And to the Lowland warrior said;

"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,

Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.

This murderous Chief, the ruthless man,

This head of a rebellious clan,

Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,

Fa' past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.

Now man to man, and steel to steel,

A Chieftain's vengeance thou shall feel.

See here, all vantageless I stand.

Arm'd like thyself with single brand.

For this is Coilantogle ford,

And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

2.

The Saxon paused: "I ne'er delay'd.

When foeman bade me draw my blade;

Nay, more, brave chief, I vow'd thy death;

Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,

And my deep debt for life preserved,

A better meed have well deserved:

Can nought but blood our feud atone?

Are there no means?" "No, Stranger, none!

And hear, to fire thy flagging zeal,—

The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;

For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred

Between the living and the dead:

'Who spills the foremost foeman's life

His party conquers in the strife.'

"Then by my sword," the Saxon said,

"The riddle is already read,
 Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff;
 There lies Red Murdock, stark and stiff.
 Thus fate has solved her prophecy,
 Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
 To James, at Stirling, let us go,
 When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
 Or if the King shall not agree
 To grant thee grace and favour free,
 I plight mine honour, oath, and word,
 That, to thy native strengths restored,
 With each advantage shalt thou stand,
 That aids thee now, to guard thy land."

3.

Dark lightning flash'd from Roderick's eye:
 "Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
 Because a wretched kern ye slew.
 Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
 He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
 Thou add'st but fuel to my hate:
 My clansman's blood demands revenge.
 Not yet prepared? By heaven, I change
 My thought, and hold thy valour light
 As that of some vain carpet knight,
 Who ill deserved my courteous care
 And whose best boast is but to wear
 A braid of his fair lady's hair."
 "I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
 It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
 For I have sworn this braid to stain
 In the best blood that warms thy vein.
 Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!
 Yet think not that by thee alone,
 Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;
 Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,

Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
 Of this small horn one feeble blast
 Would fearful odds against thee cast.
 But fear not, doubt, not,—which thou wilt—
 We try this quarrel hilt to hilt.”—
 Then each at once his falchion drew,
 Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
 Each look'd to sun, and stream, and plain,
 As what he ne'er might see again;
 Then foot, and point, and eye opposed.
 In dubious strife they darkly closed.

4.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
 That on the field his targe he threw.
 Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
 Had death so often dash'd aside;
 For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,
 Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield
 He practised every pass and ward,
 To thrust, to strike to feint, to guard;
 While less expert, though stronger far,
 The Gael maintain'd unequal war.
 Three times in closing strife they stood,
 And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
 No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
 The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
 Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
 And shower'd his blows like wintry rain;
 And, as firm rock, or castle-roof,
 Against the winter shower is proof,
 The foe, invulnerable still,
 Foil'd his wild rage by steady skill;
 Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
 Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
 And backwards borne upon the lea,
 Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

5.

"Now, yield thee, or by Him who made
 The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade."
 "Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
 Let recreant yield, who fears to die."
 Like adder darting from his coil,
 Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
 Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
 Received, but reck'd not of a wound,
 And lock'd his arms his foeman round.
 Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
 No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
 That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
 Through bars of brass and triple steel!
 They tug, they strain! down, down they go
 The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
 The chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,
 His knee was planted in his breast;
 His clotted locks he backward threw,
 Across his brow his hand he drew,
 From blood and mist to clear his sight,
 Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!
 But hate and fury ill supplied
 The stream of life's exhausted tide,
 And all too late the advantage came,
 To turn the odds of deadly game;
 For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,
 Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye.
 Down came the blow—but in the heath;
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
 The struggling foe may now unclasp
 The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;
 Unwounded from the dreadful close,
 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

XVII.**ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY
CHURCHYARD.***Gray.***1.**

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

2.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

3.

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower;
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

4.

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

5.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from her straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

6.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy house-wife ply her evening care,
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

7.

Offt did the harvest to their sickle yield;
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
 How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

8.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor;

9.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour:
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

10.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

11.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

12.

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

13.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul!

14.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air!

15.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest—
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

16.

The applause of listening senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

17.

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined—
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

18.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide;
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame;
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride,
 With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

19.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray,
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

20.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

21.

Their name, their years, spell'd by the unletter'd muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 To teach the rustic moralist to die.

22.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned—
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

23.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
 E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires!

24.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonour'd dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

25.

Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say—
 Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn
 Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

26.

“There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

27.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove,
 Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

28.

“One morn I miss'd him on the accustom'd hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favourite tree:
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

29.

“The next with dirges due, in sad array,
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
 Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

30.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

31.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
 He gave to misery all he had, a tear;
 He gain'd from heaven, 'twas all he wish'd, a friend.

32.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

XVIII.

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S SPEECH TO THOMAS CROMWELL.

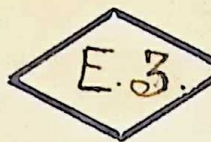
(FROM "HENRY VIII.")

Shakespeare.

1.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear,
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.—
 Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
 And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,

And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard: say then, I taught thee—
Say Wolsey, that once trod the way to glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure, and safe one—though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition!
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee,
Corruption wins, not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's.
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.
There take an inventory of all I have;
To the last penny, 'tis the king's. My robe,
And my integrity to heaven, are all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell! Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my King, he would not, in my age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies.



2060